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Sheridan - The Duenna - 1848.

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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
CLASS OF 1882
OF NEW YORK

1918





MODERN STANDARD DRAMA.

No. LIV.

T H E D U E N N A .

An Opera

IN THREE ACTS.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, &c.

NEW YORK:

JOHN DOUGLAS, NO. 11 SPRUCE STREET.

1848.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

The "Duenna" is one of those sterling specimens of Old English Opera, which were the delight of the last age. Combining, as they did, a pleasing union of lyrical charms with those of dramatic situation, witty dialogue, and strongly marked character, they appealed alike to the taste and judgment of the audiences, which in those days looked for *sense* as well as *sound*, even in an Opera. The mutations of public taste, in theatrical affairs, is a subject worthy of observation to the speculative inquirer, as the stage is supposed "to show the manners living as they rise." We may mark by the Dramatic Literature of a period, the gradations of public taste, and the gradual developments of that species of fastidious refinement which has entirely banished the nervous and intellectual character of the old English Drama, and substituted, in its place, an ephemeral and hybrid species of Stage Entertainment, the sole merit of which is, its transient novelty, and its powers to beguile the vacant hour.

The Lyrical Drama has undergone even a greater radical change. Modern refinement has completely banished the old English Opera from the stage. "The Beggar's Opera," "Love in a Village," "Lionel and Clarissa," "The Duenna," with the long array of Musical Farces and Interludes, all written by the leading wits of the last century, and embellished with the compositions of the first Musical Geniuses of the age, beaming as they did with wit, satire, and embodiments of character, equal in force and life-like reality, to the matchless comedies of the Standard Drama; these are all now mouldering on the managers' shelves, or are only saved from oblivion in collections like our own, where they are occasionally resuscitated, to show that they possess a *literary* merit that survives the decay of their bye-gone acted glories. The rage for the Italian Lyrical Drama, which has so completely superseded the old English Opera, is

in perfect harmony with the characteristics of the age. Fashion has stamped it with its seal—and that alone would give it supremacy. But its voluptuous and intoxicating attractions are greater recommendations. It ministers to the affectations of refinement, now the indispensable qualifications of the modern *élégante*. It does not call for any exercise of the thinking powers, from those who find draughts on their understanding troublesome, and it even conciliates the intellectual, from the exquisite skill by which modern musical art has contrived to make the harmonious expression of sounds, the exponents of thoughts.—While Modern Opera is thus omnipotent, we fear there is little hope for any return to the Old English Opera, which had only simple melody, wit, and character, for its recommendations.

"The Duenna" was the third dramatic effort of Sheridan's. It was produced in 1775, and met with such unqualified success, that it obtained an uninterrupted run of seventy-five nights, broken in, however, by the conscientious scruples of Leoni, the original *Don Carlos* of the piece, who, being a Jew, would not perform on Fridays.

Although "The Duenna," as a dramatic composition, may be considered unworthy of the author of the "School for Scandal," yet Sheridan was first indebted to this production for his reputation. The beautiful poetry of the songs, ranked him among the Poets of the age, and the dialogue was sufficiently lively and amusing to constitute it an elegant and pleasing entertainment.

The plot is supposed to have been taken from Wycherly's "Country Wife." The celebrated scene of *Friar Paul* and his brethren, is also borrowed—as is also the character of *Margaret*, the Duenna, from Bickerstaff's *Ursula*, in the "Padlock." But in little *Isaac*, the Jew, we trace the originality and the genius of Sheridan; it is a rich piece of sterling comic humour, worthy of the creator.

One speech of *Isaac's* has become an incorporated phrase in our language. We allude to the declaration, "That conscience has nothing to do with politics."

"The Duenna" has afforded an opportunity for display to the finest vocalists of the English stage. In our own times, the

Carlos of Braham and Sinclair, and the *Clara* of Miss Stephens, (the present Countess of Essex,) were finished specimens of the highest order of musical talent. These, too, were then but stock actors, at moderate salaries. The same modern refinement we have before glanced at, will now only listen to a Prima Donna at £200 or £300 sterling per night. It forms a curious illustration of the simplicity of the times when the "Beggar's Opera" was produced, to know that the celebrated Miss Fenton, subsequently the Countess of Bolton, received fifteen shillings a week for her performance of *Polly*, which sum was raised to thirty shillings, in consequence of her matchless performance of the character. These were, indeed, primitive times. H.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Drury Lane, 1823.</i>	<i>Park, 1828.</i>
<i>Don Jerome</i>	Mr. Gattie	Mr. Placide.
<i>Don Ferdinand</i>	" Horn.	" Horn.
<i>Don Antonio</i>	" Melrose.	" Richings.
<i>Carlos</i>	" Braham.	" Jones.
<i>Isaac Mendoza</i>	Miss Clara Fisher.	" Fisher.
<i>Lopez</i>	Mr. Williams.	" King.
<i>Father Paul</i>	" Pope.	" Richings.
<i>Lay Brother</i>	" Hughes.	
<i>Francis</i>	" Coveney.	
<i>Augustine</i>	" Read.	
<i>Lorenzo</i>	" Povey.	
<i>Louis</i>	" Homer.	
<i>Sancho</i>	" Douglas.	
<i>Clara</i>	Miss Stephens.	Miss Hughes.
<i>Louisa</i>	" Povey.	Mrs. Austin.
<i>Margaret, the Duenna</i>	Mrs. Harlowe.	" Wheatly.
<i>Louisa's Maid</i>	Miss Cooper.	Miss Turnbull.
<i>Clara's Maid</i>	" Phillips.	Mrs. Conway.

COSTUMES.

DON JEROME.—Brown velvet doublet, cloak, and trunks, embroidered; light blue satin puffs.

DON FERDINAND.—Purple Spanjah coat, white vest trimmed with silver, and white pantaloons.

CARLOS.—White Spanish cloak and white vest, trimmed with silver, white pantaloons.

ISAAC.—Light green Spanish cloak, and orange breeches, trimmed with white and silver; white stockings.

FATHER PAUL.—Grey friar's gown and sandals.

LAY BROTHER.—Brown serge dress; bare legs.

LOPEZ.—Brown serge.

CLARA.—*First dress*:—White, trimmed with silver; spangled points, hanging sleeves. *Second dress*: Grey calico, white muslin veil, cross and beads.

LOUISA.—*First dress*: Pink satin body, trimmed with silver, hanging sleeves, white drapery, trimmed with pink and silver points. *Second dress*: Black saraset with hanging sleeves, trimmed with scarlet satin points, black veil.

THE DUENNA.—In every respect the same as Louisa's.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;
L. C., *Left of Centre*.

Passages marked with Inverted Commas are usually omitted in the Representation.

11054
C.F.C.

THE DUENNA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter LOPEZ, R., with a dark Lanthorn.

Lop. Past three o'clock! soh! a notable hour for one of my regular disposition, to be strolling like a bravo through the streets of Seville! Well, of all services, to serve a young lover is the hardest—not that I am an enemy to love; but my love and my master's differ strangely—Don Ferdinand is much too gallant to eat, drink, or sleep—now, my love gives me an appetite—then I am fond of dreaming of my mistress, and I love dearly to toast her—This cannot be done without good sleep and good liquor; hence my partiality to a feather bed and a bottle—what a pity, now, that I have not further time for reflections! but my master expects thee, honest Lopez, to secure his retreat from Donna Clara's window, as I guess—[*Music without.*]*—*hey! sure! I heard music! so, so! who have we here? Oh, Don Antonio, my master's friend, come from the masquerade, to serenade my young mistress, Donna Louisa, I suppose: soh! we shall have the old gentleman up presently—lest he should miss his son, I had best lose no time in getting to my post. [*Exit, R.*

Enter ANTONIO and LORENZO, with Masks and Music, L.

SONG.—ANTONIO.

Tell me, my lute, can thy soft strain
So gently speak thy master's pain?
So softly sing, so humbly sigh,
That though my sleeping love shall know
Who sings—who sighs below,
Her rosy slumbers shall not fly!
Thus may some vision whisper more
Than ever I dare speak before.

1st Mask. Antonio, your mistress will never wake, while you sing so dolefully; love, like a cradled infant, is lulled by a sad melody.

Ant. I do not wish to disturb her rest.

1st Mask. The reason is, because you know she does not regard you enough to appear, if you awakened her.

Ant. Nay, then, I'll convince you. [Sings.

The breath of morn bids hence the night,
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair:
For till the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day, I own no light.

LOUISA.—[*Replies from a Window.*]

Waking, I hear thy numbers chide,
Waking, the dawn did bless my sight,
'Tis Phoebus sure, that woos, I cried,
Who speaks in song, who moves in light.

DON JEROME.—[*From another window.*]

What vagabonds are these I hear,
Fiddling, fluting, rhyming, ranting,
Piping, scraping, whining, canting,
Fly, scurvy minstrels, fly!

TRIO.

Lou. Nay, pr'ythee, father, why so rough?

Ant. An humble lover I.

Jer. How durst you, daughter, lend an ear
To such deceitful stuff?

Quick from the window, fly!

Lou. Adieu, Antonio!

Ant. Must you go?

Lou. } We soon, perhaps, may meet again;

and } For though hard fortune is our foe

Ant. } The God of Love will fight for us.

Jer. Reach me the blunderbuss.

Ant. & } The God of Love, who knows our pain.

Lou. } Hence, or these slugs are through your brain.

Jer.

[*Exeunt Jerome and Louisa from the Window. Antonio and Lorenzo, R.*]

SCENE II.—A Piazza.

Enter FERDINAND and LOPEZ, R.

Lop. Truly, sir, I think that a little sleep, once in a week, or so—

Fer. Peace, fool, don't mention sleep to me.

Lop. No, no, sir, I don't mention your low-bred, vulgar, sound sleep; but I can't help thinking that a gentle slumber, or half an hour's dozing, if it were only for the novelty of the thing—

Fer. Peace, booby, I say!—Oh, Clara, dear, cruel disturber of my rest!

Lop. And of mine, too.

Fer. 'Sdeath! to trifle with me at such a juncture as this—now to stand on punctilios—love me! I don't believe she ever did.

Lop. Nor I either.

Fer. Or is it, that her sex never know their desires for an hour together?

Lop. Ah, they know them oftener than they'll own them!

Fer. Is there, in the world, so inconstant a creature as Clara?

Lop. I could name one.

Fer. Yes; the tame fool who submits to her caprice.

Lop. [*Aside.*] I thought he couldn't miss it.

Fer. Is she not capricious, teasing, tyrannical, obstinate, perverse, absurd? ay, a wilderness of faults and follies; her looks are scorn, and her very smiles—'sdeath! I wish I hadn't mentioned her smiles! for she does smile such beaming loveliness, such fascinating brightness—Oh, death and madness! I shall die if I lose her.

Lop. Oh, those damned smiles have undone all.

AIR.—FERDINAND.

Could I her faults remember,
Forgetting every charm,
Soon would impartial Reason
The tyrant Love disarm.
But when enraged I number
Each failing of her mind,
Love still suggests each beauty,
And sees—while Reason's blind.

Lop. Here comes Don Antonio, sir.

Fer. Well, go you home—I shall be there presently.

Lop. Ah, those cursed smiles. [*Exit, L.*]

Enter ANTONIO, L.

Fer. Antonio, Lopez tells me he left you chaunting before our door—was my father waked?

Ant. Yes, yes; he has a singular affection for music, so I left him roaring at his barred window, like the print of Bajazet in the cage. And what brings you out so early?

Fer. I believe I told you, that to-morrow was the day fixed by Don Pedro and Clara's unnatural step-mother, for her to enter a convent, in order that her brat might possess her fortune; made desperate by this, I procured a key to the door, and bribed Clara's maid to leave it unbolted; at two this morning, I entered, unperceived, and stole to her chamber—I found her waking and weeping.

Ant. Happy Ferdinand!

Fer. 'Sdeath! hear the conclusion—I was rated as the most confident ruffian, for daring to approach her at that hour of night.

Ant. Ay, ay, this was at first?

Fer. No such thing; she would not hear a word from me, but threatened to raise her mother, if I did not instantly leave her.

Ant. Well, but at last?

Fer. At last! why, I was forced to leave the house, as I came in.

Ant. And did you do nothing to offend her?

Fer. Nothing, as I hope to be saved—I believe I might snatch a dozen or two of kisses.

Ant. Was that all? well, I think I never heard of such assurance!

Fer. Zounds! I tell you, I behaved with the utmost respect.

Ant. Oh, Lord, I don't mean you, but in her—but hark ye, Ferdinand, did you leave your key with them?

Fer. Yes; the maid, who saw me out, took it from the door.

Ant. Then, my life for it, her mistress elopes after you.

Fer. Ay, to bless my rival, perhaps—I am in a humour to suspect everybody—you loved her once, and thought her an angel, as I do now.

Ant. Yes, I loved her till I found she wouldn't love me, and then I discovered that she hadn't a good feature in her face.

AIR.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;

I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
 But where my own did hope to sip.
 Has the maid, who seeks my heart,
 Cheeks of rose, untouched by art?
 I will own the colour true,
 When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
 I must press it, to be sure;
 Nor can I be certain then,
 Till it, grateful, press again;
 Must I, with attentive eye,
 Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
 I will do so, when I see
 That heaving bosom sigh for me.

Besides, Ferdinand, you have full security in my love for your sister; help me there, and I can never disturb you with Clara.

Fer. As far as I can, consistently with the honour of our family, you know I will; but there must be no eloping.

Ant. And yet, now, you would carry off Clara?

Fer. Ah, that's a different case—we never mean that others should act to our sisters and wives, as we do to theirs.—But to-morrow, Clara is to be forced into a convent.

Ant. Well, and am not I so unfortunately circumstanced? To-morrow, your father forces Louisa to marry Isaac, the Portuguese—but come with me, and we'll devise something, I warrant.

Fer. I must go home.

Ant. Well, adieu!

Fer. But, Antonio, if you did not love my sister, you have too much honour and friendship to supplant me with Clara.

AIR.—ANTONIO.

Friendship is the bond of reason;
 But if beauty disapprove,
 Heaven dissolves all other treason,
 In the heart that's true to love.
 The faith which to my friend I swore,
 As a civil oath I view;
 But to the charms which I adore,
 'Tis religion to be true.

[*Exit, &c.*]

Fer. There is always a levity in Antonio's manner of replying to me on this subject, that is very alarming—'Sdeath! if Clara should love him after all! [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Don Jerome's House.**Enter LOUISA and DUENNA, L.*

Lou. But, my dear Margaret, my charming Duenna, do you think we shall succeed?

Duen. I tell you again, I have no doubt on't; but it must be instantly put to the trial.—Everything is prepared in your room, and for the rest we must trust to fortune.

Lou. My father's oath was, never to see me till I had consented to—

Duen. 'Twas thus I overheard him say to his friend, Don Guzman: "I will demand of her to-morrow, once for all, whether she will consent to marry Isaac Mendoza; if she hesitates, I will make a solemn vow never to see or speak to her, till she returns to her duty."—These were his words.

Lou. And on his known obstinate adherence to what he has once said, you have formed this plan for my escape—But have you secured my maid in our interest?

Duen. She is a party in the whole; but remember, if we succeed, you resign all right and title in little Isaac, the Jew, over to me.

Lou. That I do, with all my soul; get him, if you can, and I shall wish you joy, most heartily. He is twenty times as rich as my poor Antonio.

AIR.—LOUISA.

Thou canst not boast of fortune's store,
My love, while me they wealthy call,
But I was glad to find thee poor,
For, with my heart, I'd give thee all.
And then the grateful youth shall own,
I loved him for himself alone.

But when his worth my heart shall gain,
Nor word or look of mine shall show
That I the smallest thought retain
Of what my bounty did bestow.
Yet still his grateful heart shall own,
I loved him for himself alone.

Duen. I hear Don Jerome coming—Quick, give me the last letter I brought you from Antonio—you know that it is to be the ground of my dismission—I must slip out to seal it up, as undelivered.

[*Exit.*—*Jerome speaking within, L.*

Enter DON JEROME and FERDINAND, I.

Jer. What, I suppose you have been serenading, too ! Eh ! disturbing some peaceable neighbourhood with villainous catgut, and lascivious piping ! Out on't ! you set your sister, here, a vile example ; but I come to tell you, madam, that I'll suffer no more of these midnight incantations—these amorous orgies, that steal the senses in the hearing ; as they say Egyptian embalmers serve mummies, extracting the brain through the ears ; however, there's an end of your frolics—Isaac Mendoza will be here presently, and to-morrow you shall marry him.

Lou. Never, while I have life.

Fer. Indeed, sir, I wonder how you can think of such a man for a son-in-law.

Jer. Sir, you are very kind to favour me with your sentiments—and pray, what is your objection to him ?

Fer. He is a Portuguese, in the first place.

Jer. No such thing, boy ; he has forsworn his country.

Lou. He is a Jew.

Jer. Another mistake : he has been a Christian these six weeks.

Fer. Ay, he left his old religion for an estate, and has not had time to get a new one.

Lou. But stands like a dead wall between church and synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament.

Jer. Anything more ?

Fer. But the most remarkable part of his character is his passion for deceit and tricks of cunning.

Lou. Though, at the same time, the fool predominates so much over the knave, that I am told he is generally the dupe of his own art.

Fer. True, like an unskilful gunner, he usually misses his aim, and is hurt by the recoil of his own piece.

Jer. Anything more ?

Lou. To sum up all, he has the worst fault a husband can have—he's not my choice.

Jer. But you are his ; and choice on one side is sufficient—two lovers should never meet in marriage—be you sour as you please, he is sweet-tempered, and for your good fruit, there's nothing like ingrafting on a crab. Anything more ?

Lou. I detest him as a lover, and shall ten times more as a husband.

Jer. I don't know that—marriage generally makes a great change—but, to cut the matter short, will you have him or not?

Lou. There is nothing else I could disobey you in.

Jer. Do you value your father's peace?

Lou. So much, that I will not fasten on him the regret of making an only daughter wretched.

Jer. Very well, ma'am, then mark me—never more will I see or converse with you till you return to your duty—no reply—this and your chamber shall be your apartments; I never will stir out, without leaving you under lock and key, and when I'm at home no creature can approach you but through my library—we'll try who can be most obstinate—out of my sight—there remain till you know your duty. [Pushes her out, M. D.]

Fer. Surely, sir, my sister's inclinations should be consulted in a matter of this kind, and some regard paid to Don Antonio, being my particular friend.

Jer. That, doubtless, is a very great recommendation—I certainly have not paid sufficient respect to it.

Fer. There is not a man living I would sooner choose for a brother-in-law.

Jer. Very possible; and if you happen to have e'er a sister, who is not at the same time a daughter of mine, I'm sure I shall have no objection to the relationship—but at present, if you please, we'll drop the subject.

Fer. Nay, sir, 'tis only my regard for my sister makes me speak.

Jer. Then pray, sir, in future, let your regard for your father make you hold your tongue.

Fer. I have done, sir—I shall only add a wish that you would reflect what at our age you would have felt, had you been crossed in your affection for the mother of her you are so severe to.

Jer. Why, I must confess I had a great affection for your mother's ducats, but that was all, boy—I married her for her fortune, and she took me in obedience to her father, and a very happy couple we were—we never expected any love from one another, and so we were never disappointed—if we grumbled a little now and then, it was

soon over, for we were never fond enough to quarrel, and when the good woman died, why, why—I had as lieve she had lived, and I wish every widower in Seville could say the same—I shall now go and get the key of this dressing-room—so, good son, if you have any lecture in support of disobedience to give your sister, it must be brief; so make the best of your time, d’ye hear? [*Exit, R.*]

Fer. I fear, indeed, my friend Antonio has little to hope for—however, Louisa has firmness, and my father’s anger will probably only increase her affection.—In our intercourse with the world, it is natural for us to dislike those who are innocently the cause of our distress; but in the heart’s attachment, a woman never likes a man with ardour till she has suffered for his sake. [*Ngise.*] Soh! what bustle is here? between my father and the Duenna—I’ll e’en get out of the way. [*Exit, L.*]

Enter DON JEROME, with a Letter, pulling in the DUENNA, R.

Jer. I’m astonished! I’m thunderstruck! here’s treachery and conspiracy with a vengeance! you, Antonio’s creature, and chief manager of this plot for my daughter’s eloping! you, that I placed here as a scarecrow?

Duen. What?

Jer. A scarecrow—to prove a decoy-duck—what have you to say for yourself?

Duen. Well, sir, since you have forced that letter from me, and discovered my real sentiments, I scorn to renounce them.—I am Antonio’s friend, and it was my intention that your daughter should have served you as all such old tyrannical sots should be served—I delight in the tender passions, and would befriend all under their influence.

Jer. The tender passions! yes, they would become those impenetrable features!—why, thou deceitful hag! I placed thee as a guard to the rich blossoms of my daughter’s beauty—I thought that dragon’s front of thine would cry aloof to the sons of gallantry—steel traps and spring guns seemed writ in every wrinkle of it—but you shall quit my house this instant—the tender passions, indeed! go, thou wanton sybil, thou amorous woman of Endor, go!

Duen. You base, scurrilous, old—but I won't demean myself by naming what you are—yes, savage, I'll leave your den; but I suppose you don't mean to detain my apparel—I may have my things, I presume?

Jer. I took you, mistress, with your wardrobe on—what have you pilfered, eh?

Duen. Sir, I must take leave of my mistress, she has valuables of mine; besides, my cardinal and veil are in her room.

Jer. Your veil, forsooth! what, do you dread being gazed at? or are you afraid of your complexion? well, go take your leave, and get your veil and cardinal! soh! you quit the house within these five minutes—In—in—quick! [*Exit Duenna, M. D.*] Here was a precious plot of mischief!—these are the comforts daughters bring us!

AIR.

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,
No peace shall you know, though you've buried your wife,
At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her!

Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter,
Sighing and whining,
Dying and pining,

Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

When scarce in their teens, they have wit to perplex us,
With letters and lovers forever they vex us,
While each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought her,
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

Wrangling and jangling,
Flouting and pouting,
Oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

Enter LOUISA, M. D., dressed as the Duenna, with Cardinal and Veil, seeming to cry.

This way, mistress, this way—what, I warrant, a tender parting; soh! tears of turpentine down those deal cheeks—Ay, you may well hide your head—yes, whine till your heart breaks; but I'll not hear one word of excuse—so you are right to be dumb,—this way.

[*Pushing her out.—Exeunt, R.*

Enter DUENNA.

Duen. So speed you well, sagacious Don Jerome! Oh, rare effects of passion and obstinacy—now shall I try

whether I can't play the fine lady as well as my mistress, and if I succeed, I may be a fine lady for the rest of my life—I'll lose no time to equip myself. [*Exit, M. D.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Court before Don Jerome's House.*

Enter DON JEROME and LOUISA, L.

Jer. Come, mistress, there is your way—The world lies before you, so troop, thou antiquated Eve, thou original sin—hold, yonder is some fellow skulking, perhaps it is Antonio—go to him, d'ye hear, and tell him to make you amends, and as he has got you turned away, tell him I say it is but just he should take you himself, go. [*Exit Louisa, L.*] Soh! I am rid of her, thank Heaven! and now I shall be able to keep my oath, and confine my daughter with better security. [*Exit, L.*]

SCENE V.—*The Piazza.*

Enter CLARA and her MAID, R.

Maid. But where, madam, is it you intend to go?

Clara. Anywhere to avoid the selfish violence of my mother-in-law, and Ferdinand's insolent importunity.

Maid. Indeed, ma'am, since we have profited by Don Ferdinand's key, in making our escape, I think we had best find him, if it were only to thank him.

Clara. No—he has offended me exceedingly.

[*Retire, R. U. E.*]

Enter LOUISA, L.

Lou. [*Apart.*] So, I have succeeded in being turned out of doors—but how shall I find Antonio? I dare not inquire for him, for fear of being discovered; I would send to my friend Clara, but that I doubt her prudery would condemn me.

Maid. [*Apart to Clara.*] Then suppose, ma'am, you were to try if your friend Donna Louisa would not receive you.

Clara. [*Apart.*] No, her notions of filial duty are so severe, she would certainly betray me.

Lou. [*Apart.*] Clara is of a cold temper, and would think this step of mine highly forward.

Clara. Louisa's respect for her father is so great, she would not credit the unkindness of mine.

[*Louisa turns, and sees Clara and Maid.*]

Lou. Ha! who are those? sure one is Clara—if it be, I'll trust her—Clara!

[*Advances.*]

Clara. Louisa! and in masquerade, too!

Lou. You will be more surprised when I tell you, that I have run away from my father.

Clara. Surprised, indeed! and I should certainly chide you most horribly, only that I have just run away from mine.

Lou. My dear Clara!

[*Embrace.*]

Clara. Dear sister truant! and whither are you going!

Lou. To find the man I love, to be sure—And, I presume, you would have no aversion to meet with my brother?

Clara. Indeed I should—he has behaved so ill to me, I don't believe I shall ever forgive him.

AIR.—CLARA.

When sable night, each drooping plant restoring,
Wept o'er the flowers her breath did cheer,
As some sad widow o'er her babe deploring,
Wakes its beauty with a tear;
When all did sleep, whose weary hearts did borrow
One hour from love and care to rest,
Lo! as I pressed my couch in silent sorrow,
My lover caught me to his breast;
He vowed he came to save me
From those who would enslave me!
Then kneeling,
Kisses stealing,
Endless faith he swore;
But soon I chid him thence,
For had his fond pretence
Obtained one favour then,
And he had pressed again,
I feared my treacherous heart might grant him more.

Lou. Well, for all this, I would have sent him to plead his pardon, but that I would not yet awhile have him know of my flight. And where do you hope to find protection?

Clara. The Lady Abbess of the Convent of St. Catherine is a relation and kind friend of mine—I shall be secure with her, and you had best go thither with me.

Lou. No; I am determined to find Antonio first; and, as I live, here comes the very man I will employ to seek him for me.

Clara. Who is he? he's a strange figure!

Lou. Yes, that sweet creature is the man whom my father has fixed on for my husband.

Clara. And will you speak to him? are you mad?

Lou. He is the fittest man in the world for my purpose—for, though I was to have married him to-morrow, he is the only man in Seville, who, I am sure, never saw me in his life.

Clara. And how do you know him?

Lou. He arrived but yesterday, and he was shown to me from the window as he visited my father.

Clara. Well, I'll begone.

Lou. Hold, my dear Clara—a thought has struck me—I will you give me leave to borrow your name, if I see occasion?

[*Crosses, L.*

Clara. It will but disgrace you—but use it as you please—I dare not stay. [*Going.*] But, Louisa, if you should see your brother, be sure you don't inform him that I have taken refuge with the Dame Prior of the Convent of St. Catherine, on the left hand side of the Piazza, which leads to the Church of St. Antony.

Lou. Ha! ha! ha! I'll be very particular in my directions where he may not find you. [*Exeunt Clara and Maid, L.*] So! my swain, yonder, has done admiring himself, and draws nearer.

[*Retires, R.*

Enter ISAAC and CARLOS, R., with a Pocket-Glass.

Isaac. [*Looking in the Glass.*] I tell you, friend Carlos, I will please myself in the habit of my chin.

Car. But, my dear friend, how can you think to please a lady with such a face?

Isaac. Why, what's the matter with the face? I think it is a very engaging face; and I am sure, a lady must have very little taste, who could dislike my beard. [*Sees Louisa.*] See, now!—I'll die if here is not a little damsel struck with it already.

Lou. Signior, are you disposed to oblige a lady, who greatly wants your assistance?

[*Unveils.*

Isaac. Egad, a very pretty black-eyed girl! she has certainly taken a fancy to me, Carlos—first, ma'am, I must beg the favour of your name.

Lou. [*Aside.*] So! it's well I am provided.—My name, sir, is Donna Clara d'Almanza.

Isaac. What!—Don Guzman's daughter? I faith, I just now heard she was missing.

Lou. But sure, sir, you have too much gallantry and honour to betray me, whose fault is love?

Isaac. So! a passion for me! poor girl! Why, ma'am, as for betraying you, I don't see how I could get anything by it; so you may rely on my honour; but as for your love, I am sorry your case is so desperate.

Lou. Why so, signior?

Isaac. Because I am positively engaged to another—
an't I, Carlos?

Lou. Nay, but hear me.

Isaac. No, no; what should I hear for? It is impossible for me to court you in an honourable way; and, for anything else, if I were to comply now, I suppose you have some ungrateful brother, or cousin, who would want to cut my throat for my civility—so, truly, you had best go home again.

Lou. [*Aside.*] Odious wretch!—But, good Signior, it is Antonio d'Ercilla, on whose account I have eloped.

Isaac. How! what! it is not with me, then, that you are in love?

Lou. No, indeed, it is not.

Isaac. Then you are a forward, impertinent simpleton! and I shall certainly acquaint your father.

Lou. Is this your gallantry?

Isaac. Yet hold—Antonio D'Ercilla, did you say?—egad, I may make something of this—Antonio D'Ercilla!

Lou. Yes; and if ever you hope to prosper in love, you will bring me to him.

Isaac. By St. Iago, and I will, too—Carlos, this Antonio is one who rivals me (as I have heard) with Louisa—now, if I could hamper him with this girl, I should have the field to myself; hey, Carlos! A lucky thought, isn't it?

Car. Yes, very good—very good—

Isaac. Ah! this little brain is never at a loss—cunning Isaac! cunning rogue! Donna Clara, will you trust yourself awhile to my friend's direction?

Lou. May I rely on you, good signior?

Car. Lady, it is impossible I should deceive you.

AIR.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
 I ne'er could injure you ;
 For though your tongue no promise claimed,
 Your charms would make me true.
 To you no soul shall bear deceit,
 No stranger offer wrong ;
 But friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passions rest,
 And act a brother's part ;
 Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong ;
 For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
 And brothers in the young.

Isaac. I'll conduct the lady to my lodgings, Carlos ; I must haste to Don Jerome—perhaps you know Louisa, ma'am ? She's divinely handsome—isn't she ?

Lou. You must excuse me not joining with you.

Isaac. Why, I have heard it on all hands.

Lou. Her father is uncommonly partial to her ; but I believe you will find she has rather a matronly air.

Isaac. Carlos, this is all envy—you pretty girls never speak well of one another—hark ye, find out Antonio, and I'll saddle him with this scrape, I warrant ! Oh, 'twas the luckiest thought !—Donna Clara, your very obedient—Carlos, to your post. [Crosses, R.

DUET.

Isaac. My mistress expects me, and I must go to her,
 Or how can I hope for a smile ?

Lou. Soon may you return a prosperous wooer,
 But think what I suffer the while :
 Alone and away from the man whom I love,
 In strangers I'm forced to confide.

Isaac. Dear lady, my friend you may trust, and he'll prove
 Your servant, protector, and guide.

AIR.—CARLOS.

Gentle maid, ah ! why suspect me ?
 Let me serve thee—then reject me.
 Canst thou trust, and I deceive thee ?
 Art thou sad, and shall I grieve thee ?
 Gentle maid, ah ! why suspect me ?
 Let me serve thee—then reject me.

TRIO.

Lon. Never may'st thou happy be,
If in aught thou'rt false to me.

Isaac. Never may he happy be,
If in aught he's false to thee.

Car. Never may I happy be,
If in aught I'm false to thee.

Lon. Never may'st thou, &c.

Isaac. Never may he, &c.

Car. Never may I, &c.

[*Exeunt, Carlos and Louisa, L., Isaac, R.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Library in Don Jerome's House.*

Enter DON JEROME and ISAAC, L.

Jer. Ha! ha! ha! run away from her father! has she given him the slip? Ha! ha! ha! poor Don Guzman!

Isaac. Ay; and I am to conduct her to Antonio; by which means, you see, I shall hamper him so that he can give me no disturbance with your daughter—this is trap, isn't it? a nice stroke of cunning, heh?

Jer. Excellent! excellent! yes, yes, carry her to him, hamper him, by all means, ha! ha! ha! poor Don Guzman! an old fool! imposed on by a girl!

Isaac. Nay, they have the cunning of serpents, that's the truth on't.

Jer. Psha! they are cunning only when they have fools to deal with—why don't my girl play me such a trick—let her cunning overreach my caution, I say—heh, little Isaac!

Isaac. True, true; or let me see any of the sex make a fool of me—No, no, egad, little Solomon, (as my aunt used to call me,) understands tricking a little too well.

Jer. Ay, but such a driveller as Don Guzman.

Isaac. And such a dupe as Antonio.

Jer. True; sure never were seen such a couple of credulous simpletons; but come, 'tis time you should see my

daughter—you must carry on the siege by yourself, friend Isaac.

Isaac. Sir, you'll introduce—

Jer. No—I have sworn a solemn oath not to see or speak to her till she renounces her disobedience : win her to that, and she gains a father and a husband at once.

Isaac. Gad, I shall never be able to deal with her alone; nothing keeps me in such awe as perfect beauty! Now there is something consoling and encouraging in ugliness.

SONG.

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good humour to make her his toast,
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care,—
If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair;
And though in her face I no dimples should see,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green;
Be they light, grey, or black, their lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

'Tis true, I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black;
A little round chin, too's, a beauty, I've heard,
But I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

Jer. You will change your note, my friend, when you've seen Louisa.

Isaac. Oh, Don Jerome, the honour of your alliance—

Jer. Ay, but her beauty will affect you—she is, though I say it, who am her father, a very prodigy—there you will see features with an eye like mine—yes, i'faith, there is a kind of wicked sparkling—something of a roguish brightness, that shows her to be my own.

Isaac. Pretty rogue!

Jer. Then, when she smiles, you'll see a little dimple in one cheek only; a beauty it is certainly, yet you shall not say which is prettiest, the cheek with the dimple, or the cheek without.

Isaac. Pretty rogue!

Jer. Then the roses on those cheeks are shaded with a sort of velvet down, that gives a delicacy to the glow of health.

G.H. Clarke

Isaac. Pretty rogue!

Jer. Her skin pure dimity, yet more fair, being spangled here and there with a golden freckle.

Isaac. Charming pretty rogue! pray how is the tone of her voice?

Jer. Remarkably pleasing—but if you could prevail on her to sing, you would be enchanted—she is a nightingale—a Virginian nightingale—but come, come; her maid shall conduct you to her antichamber.

Isaac. Well, egad, I'll pluck up resolution, and meet her frowns intrepidly.

Jer. Ay! woo her briskly—win her and give me a proof of your address, my little Solomon.

Isaac. But hold—I expect my friend Carlos to call on me here—If he comes, will you send him to me?

Jer. I will—Lauretta, come—she'll show you to the room—what! do you droop? here's a mournful face to make love with!

[*Exeunt, &c.*]

SCENE II.—*Louisa's Dressing-Room.*

Enter MAID and ISAAC, R.

Maid. Sir, my mistress will wait on you presently.

[*Goes to M. D.*]

Isaac. When she's at leisure—don't hurry her. [*Exit Maid, M. D.*] I wish I had ever practised a love scene—I doubt I shall make a poor figure—I couldn't be more afraid if I was going before the Inquisition—so! the door opens—yes, she's coming—the very rustling of her silk has a disdainful sound.

Enter DUENNA, dressed as Louisa, M. D.

Now dar'n't I look round for the soul of me—her beauty will certainly strike me dumb if I do. I wish she'd speak first.

Duen. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Isaac. So! the ice is broke, and a pretty civil beginning too! hem! madam—miss—I'm all attention.

Duen. Nay, sir, 'tis I who should listen, and you propose.

Isaac. Egad, this isn't so disdainful, neither—I believe I may venture to look—no—I dar'n't—one glance of those roguish sparklers would fix me again.

Duen. You seem thoughtful, sir—let me persuade you to sit down.

Isaac. So, so; she mollifies apace—she's struck with my figure! this attitude has had its effect.

Duen. Come, sir, here's a chair.

Isaac. Madam, the greatness of your goodness overpowers me—that a lady so lovely should deign to turn her beauteous eyes on me so—

[*She takes his hand, he turns and sees her.*]

Duen. You seem surprised at my condescension.

Isaac. Why, yes, madam, I am a little surprised at it.

[*Aside.*] Zounds! this can never be Louisa—she's as old as my mother!

Duen. But former prepossessions give way to my papa's commands.

Isaac. [*Aside.*] Her papa! Yes, 'tis she, then—Lord, lord! how blind some parents are!

Duen. Signior Isaac!

Isaac. Truly, the little damsel was right—she has rather a matronly air, indeed! ah! 'tis well my affections are fixed on her fortune, and not her person.

Duen. Signior, won't you sit? [*Sits.*]

Isaac. Pardon me, madam, I have scarce recovered my astonishment at—your condescension, madam—[*aside.*]—she has the devil's own dimples, to be sure!

Duen. I do not wonder, sir, that you are surprised at my affability—I own, signior, that I was vastly prepossessed against you, and being teased by my papa, I did give some encouragement to Antonio; but then, sir, you were described to me as quite a different person.

Isaac. Ay, and so were you to me, upon my soul, madam.

Duen. But when I saw you, I was never more struck in my life.

Isaac. That was just my case, too, madam: I was struck all on a heap, for my part.

Duen. Well, sir, I see our misapprehension has been mutual—you expected to find me haughty and averse, and I was taught to believe you a little, black, snub-nosed fellow, without person, manners, or address.

Isaac. Egad, I wish she had answered her picture as well.

Duen. But, sir, your air is noble—something so liberal in your carriage, with so penetrating an eye, and so bewitching a smile!

Isaac. Egad, now I look at her again, I don't think she is so ugly.

Duen. So little like a Jew, and so much like a gentleman!

Isaac. Well, certainly there is something pleasing in the tone of her voice.

Duen. You will pardon this breach of decorum in praising you thus, but my joy at being so agreeably deceived, has given me such a flow of spirits!

Isaac. Oh, dear lady, may I thank those dear lips for this goodness? [*Kisses her.—Aside.*] Why, she has a pretty sort of velvet down, that's the truth on't!

Duen. Oh, sir, you have the most insinuating manner, but indeed you should get rid of that odious beard—one might as well kiss a hedge-hog.

Isaac. Yes, ma'am, the razor wouldn't be amiss—[*Aside.*],—for either of us.—Could you favour me with a song?

Duen. Willingly, sir, though I am rather hoarse—ahem!

[*Begins to sing.*]

Isaac. Very like a Virginia nightingale—ma'am, I perceive you're hoarse—I beg you will not distress—

Duen. Oh, not in the least distressed;—now, sir.

SONG.

When a tender maid
Is first essayed,
By some admiring swain,
How her blushes rise,
If she meets his eyes,
While he unfolds his pain!
If he takes her hand, she trembles quite,
Touch her lips, she swoons outright,
While a pit a pat, &c.,
Her heart avows her fright.

But in time appear
Fewer signs of fear,
The youth she boldly views;
If her hand he grasps,
Or her bosom clasps,
No mantle blush ensues.
Then to church well pleased the lovers move,

While her smiles her contentment prove,
And a pit a pat, &c.,
Her heart avows her love.

Isaac. Charming, ma'am! Enchanting! and, truly, your notes put me in mind of one that's very dear to me; a lady, indeed, whom you greatly resemble!

Duen. How! is there, then, another so dear to you!

Isaac. Oh, no, ma'am, you mistake; it was my mother I meant.

Duen. Come, sir, I see you are amazed and confounded at my condescension, and know not what to say.

Isaac. It is very true, indeed, ma'am; but it is a judgment—I look on it as a judgment on me, for delaying to urge the time when you'll permit me to complete my happiness, by acquainting Don Jerome with your condescension.

Duen. Sir, I must frankly own to you, that I can never be yours with my papa's consent.

Isaac. Good lack! how so?

Duen. When my father, in his passion, swore he would never-see me again till I acquiesced in his will, I also made a vow, that I would never take a husband from his hand; nothing shall make me break that oath: but if you have spirit and contrivance enough to carry me off without his knowledge, I'm yours.

Isaac. Hum!

Duen. Nay, sir, if you hesitate—

Isaac. I'faith, no bad whim this—if I take her at her word, I shall secure her fortune, and avoid making any settlement in return; thus, I shall not only cheat the lover, but the father too—Oh, cunning rogue, Isaac! Ay, ay, let this little brain alone—Egad, I'll take her in the mind.

Duen. Well, sir, what's your determination?

Isaac. Madam, I was dumb only from rapture—I applaud your spirit, and joyfully close with your proposal; for which, thus let me, on this lily hand, express my gratitude.

Duen. Well, sir, you must get my father's consent to walk with me in the garden. But by no means inform him of my kindness to you.

Isaac. No, to be sure, that would spoil all: but, trust

me, when tricking is the word—let me alone for a piece of cunning; this very day you shall be out of his power.

Duen. Well, I leave the management of it all to you; I perceive plainly, sir, that you are not one that can be easily outwitted.

Isaac. Egad, you're right, madam—you're right, i'faith.

Enter MAID, R.

Maid. Here's a gentleman at the door, who begs permission to speak with Signior Isaac.

Isaac. A friend of mine, ma'am, and a trusty friend—let him come in. [*Exit Maid, R.*] He is one to be depended on, ma'am.

Enter CARLOS, R.

[*Aside.*] So, coz.

Car. I have left Donna Clara at your lodgings—but can no where find Antonio.

Isaac. Well, I will search him out myself—Carlos, you rogue, I thrive, I prosper.

Car. Where is your mistress?

Isaac. There, you booby, there she stands.

Car. Why, she's damned ugly!

Isaac. Hush!

[*Stops his mouth.*]

Duen. What is your friend saying, signior?

Isaac. Oh, ma'am, he is expressing his raptures at such charms as he never saw before, eh, Carlos?

Car. Ay, such as I never saw before, indeed!

Duen. You are a very obliging gentleman—well, Signior Isaac, I believe we had better part for the present. Remember our plan.

Isaac. Oh, ma'am, it is written in my heart, fixed as the image of those divine beauties—adieu, idol of my soul! yet once more permit me—

[*Kisses her.*]

Duen. Sweet, courteous sir, adieu!

Isaac. Your slave eternally—Come, Carlos, say something civil at parting.

Car. I'faith, Isaac, she is the hardest woman to compliment I ever saw; however, I'll try something I had studied for the occasion.

SONG.

Ah! sure a pair was never seen,
So justly formed to meet by nature;

The youth excelling so in mien,
The maid in ev'ry grace of feature.
Oh, how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discovers,
For surely she
Was made for thee,
And thou to bless this lovely creature.
So mild your looks, your children thence
Will early learn the task of duty,
The boys with all their father's sense,
The girls with all their mother's beauty.
Oh! how happy to inherit
At once such graces and such spirit!
Thus while you live
May fortune give
Each blessing equal to your merit.

[*Exeunt, Isaac and Carlos, R., Duenna, M. D.*]

SCENE III.—*A Library.*

JEROME and FERDINAND discovered.

Jer. Object to Antonio? I have said it: his poverty, can you acquit him of that?

Fer. Sir, I own he is not over rich; but he is of as ancient and honourable family as any in the kingdom.

Jer. Yes, I know the beggars are a very ancient family in most kingdoms; but never in great repute, boy.

Fer. Antonio, sir, has many amiable qualities.

Jer. But he is poor; can you clear him of that, I say? Is he not a gay, dissipated rake, who has squandered his patrimony?

Fer. Sir, he inherited but little; and that, his generosity, more than his profuseness, has stripped him of; but he has never sullied his honour, which, with his title, has outlived his means.

Jer. Pshaw! you talk like a blockhead! nobility, without an estate, is as ridiculous as gold-lace on a frieze coat.

Fer. This language, sir, would better become a Dutch or English trader, than a Spaniard.

Jer. Yes; and those Dutch and English people, as you call them, are the wiser people. Why, booby, in England they were formerly as nice, as to birth and family, as we are: but they have long discovered what a wonderful purifier gold is; and now, no one there regards pe-

digree in anything but a horse—Oh, here comes Isaac! I hope he has prospered in his suit.

Fer. Doubtless, that agreeable figure of his must have helped his suit surprisingly.

Jer. How now? [*Ferdinand walks aside.*]

Enter ISAAC, L.

Well, my friend, have you softened her?

Isaac. Oh, yes! I have softened her.

Jer. What, does she come to?

Isaac. Why, truly, she was kinder than I expected to find her.

Jer. And the dear little angel was civil, hey?

Isaac. Yes, the pretty little angel was very civil.

Jer. I'm transported to hear it.

Isaac. [*Aside.*] Ay, and if all the family were transported, it would not signify.

Jer. Well, and you were astonished at her beauty, hey?

Isaac. I was astonished, indeed? pray, how old is miss?

Jer. How old? let me see—eight and twelve—she is twenty.

Isaac. Twenty?

Jer. Ay, to a month.

Isaac. Then, upon my soul, she is the oldest looking girl of her age in Christendom!

Jer. Do you think so? but, I believe, you will not see a prettier girl.

Isaac. Here and there one.

Jer. Louisa has the family face.

Isaac. [*Aside.*] Yes, egad, I should have taken it for a family face, and one that has been in the family some time, too.

Jer. She has her father's eyes.

Isaac. Truly, I should have guessed them to have been so—[*Aside.*] If she had her mother's spectacles, I believe she would not see the worse.

Jer. Her Aunt Ursula's nose, and her grandmother's forehead, to a hair.

Isaac. [*Aside.*] Ay, 'faith, and her grandfather's chin to a hair.

Jer. Well, if she was but as dutiful as she's handsome

—and hark ye, friend Isaac, she is none of your made-up beauties—her charms are of the lasting kind.

Isaac. I'faith, so they should—for if she be but twenty now, she may double her age, before her years will overtake her face.

Jer. Why, zounds, Master Isaac! you are not sneering, are you?

Isaac. Why, now, seriously, Don Jerome, do you think your daughter handsome?

Jer. By this light, she's as handsome a girl as any in Seville.

Isaac. Then, by these eyes, I think her as plain a woman as ever I beheld.

Jer. By St. Iago, you must be blind.

Isaac. No, no: 'tis you are partial.

Jer. How! have I neither sense nor taste? If a fair skin, fine eyes, teeth of ivory, with a lovely bloom, and a delicate shape—if these, with a heavenly voice, and a world of grace, are not charms, I know not what you call beautiful.

Isaac. Good lack, with what eyes a father sees!—As I have life, she is the very reverse of all this: as for the dimity skin you told me of, I swear, 'tis a thorough nankeen as ever I saw! for her eyes, their utmost merit is not squinting—for her teeth, where there is one of ivory, its neighbour is pure ebony, black and white alternately, just like the keys of a harpsichord. Then, as to her singing and heavenly voice—by this hand—she has a shrill, cracked pipe, that sounds, for all the world, like a child's trumpet.

Jer. Why, you little Hebrew scoundrel, do you mean to insult me? out of my house, I say!

Fer. Dear sir, what's the matter?

Jer. Why, this Israelite here has the impudence to say your sister's ugly.

Fer. He must be either blind or insolent.

Isaac. So, I find they are all in a story. Egad, I believe I have gone too far!

Fer. Sure, sir, there must be some mistake? it can't be my sister whom he has seen. •

Jer. 'Sdeath, you are as great a fool as he! what mistake can there be? did not I lock up Louisa, and hav'n't

I the key in my own pocket? And didn't her maid show him into the dressing-room? and yet you talk of a mistake! no, the Portuguese meant to insult me—and, but that this roof protects him, old as I am, this sword should do me justice.

Isaac. I must get off as well as I can—her fortune is not the less handsome.

DUET.

Isaac. Believe me, good sir, I ne'er meant to offend,
My mistress I love, and I value my friend;
To win her, and wed her, is still my request,
For better, for worse, and I swear I don't jest.

Jer. Zounds! you'd best not provoke me, my rage is so high—

Isaac. Hold him fast, I beseech you, his rage is so high—
Good sir, you're too hot, and this place I must fly.

Jer. You're a knave and a sot, and this place you'd best fly.

Isaac. Don Jerome, come, now, let's lay aside all joking, and be serious.

Jer. How?

Isaac. Ha! ha! ha! I'll be hanged if you haven't taken my abuse of your daughter seriously.

Jer. You meant it so, did not you?

Isaac. Oh, mercy, no! a joke—just to try how angry it would make you.

Jer. Was that all, i'faith? I didn't know you had been such a wag, ha! ha! ha! By St. Iago! you made me very angry, though—well, and do you think Louisa handsome?

Isaac. Handsome! Venus de Medicis was a sybil to her.

Jer. Give me your hand, you little jocose rogue—Egad, I thought we had been all off.

Fer. So! I was in hopes this would have been a quarrel; but I find the Jew is too cunning.

Jer. Ay, this gust of passion has made me dry—I am seldom ruffled—order some wine in the next room—let us drink the poor girl's health—poor Louisa! ugly, heh? Ha! ha! ha! 'Twas a very good joke, indeed!

Isaac. [*Aside.*] And a very true one, for all that.

Jer. And, Ferdinand, I insist upon your drinking success to my friend. ♦

Fer. Sir, I will drink success to my friend, with all my heart.

Jer. Come, little Solomon, if any sparks of anger had remained, this would be the only way to quench them.

TRIO.

A bumper of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Than justice, judge, or vicar.
So fill a cheerful glass,
And let good humour pass.
But if more deep the quarrel,
Why, sooner drain the barrel,
Than be the hateful fellow
That's crabbed when he is mellow.
A bumper, &c.

[*Exeunt, R.*]SCENE IV.—*Isaac's Lodgings.**Enter LOUISA, L.*

Lou. Was ever truant daughter so whimsically circumstanced as I am! I have sent my intended husband to look after my lover—the man of my father's choice is gone to bring me the man of my own—but how dispiriting is this interval of expectation!

Enter CARLOS, L.

So, friend, is Antonio found?

Car. I could not meet with him, lady; but I doubt not, my friend Isaac will be here with him presently.

Lou. Oh, shame! you have used no diligence—Is this your courtesy to a lady, who has trusted herself to your protection?

Car. Indeed, madam, I have not been remiss.

Lou. Well, well, but if either of you had known how each moment of delay weighs upon the heart of her who loves, and waits the object of her love, oh, ye would not then have trifled thus!

Car. Alas, I know it well!

Lou. Were you ever in love, then?

Car. I was, lady: but while I have life, will never be again.

Lou. Was your mistress so cruel?

Car. If she had always been so, I should have been happier.

SONG.

Oh, had my love ne'er smiled on me,
I ne'er had known such anguish;

But think how false, how cruel she,
 To bid me cease to languish;
 To bid me hope her hand to gain,
 Breathe on a flame half perished;
 And then with cold and fixed disdain,
 To kill the hope she cherished.

Not worse his fate, who on a wreck,
 That drove as winds did blow it;
 Silent had left the shattered deck,
 To find a grave below it.
 Then land was cried—no more resigned,
 He glowed with joy to hear it;
 Not worse his fate, his wee to find,
 The wreck must sink ere near it.

Lou. As I live, here is your friend coming with Antonio—I'll retire for a moment to surprise him. [*Exit.*]

Enter ISAAC and ANTONIO, R.

Ant. Indeed, my good friend, you must be mistaken! Clara D'Almanza in love with me, and employ you to bring me to meet her! It is impossible!

Isaac. That you shall see in an instant—Carlos, where is the lady? [*Carlos points to M. D.*] In the next room, is she?

Ant. Nay, if that lady is really here, she certainly wants me to conduct her to a dear friend of mine, who has long been her lover.

Isaac. Pshaw! I tell you, 'tis no such thing—you are the man she wants, and nobody but you. Here's ado to persuade you to take a pretty girl that's dying for you!

Ant. But I have no affection for this lady.

Isaac. And you have for Louisa, hey? but take my word for it, Antonio, you have no chance there—so you may as well secure the good that offers itself to you.

Ant. And could you reconcile it to your conscience to supplant your friend?

Isaac. Pish! Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics—why, you are no honest fellow, if love cannot make a rogue of you—so come, do go in and speak to her, at least.

Ant. Well, I have no objection to that.

Isaac. [*Opens the door.*] There—there she is—yonder by the window—get in, do—[*Pushes him in and half shuts the door.*] Now, Carlos, now I shall hamper him, I war-

rant—stay, I'll peep how they go on—egad, he looks confoundedly pòsed—now she's coaxing him—see, Carlos, he begins to come to—ay, ay, he'll soon forget his conscience.

Car. Look—now they are both laughing!

Isaac. Ay, so they are—yes, yes, they are laughing at that dear friend he talked of—ay, poor devil, they have outwitted him.

Car. Now he's kissing her hand.

Isaac. Yes, yes, 'faith, they're agreed—he's caught, he's entangled—my dear Carlos, we have brought it about. Oh, this little cunning head! I'm a Machiavel—a very Machiavel.

Car. I hear somebody enquiring for you—I'll see who it is. [Exit, R.]

Enter ANTONIO and LOUISA, M. D.

Ant. Well, my good friend, this lady has so entirely convinced me of the certainty of your success at Don Jerome's, that I now resign my pretensions there.

Isaac. You never did a wiser thing, believe me—and as for deceiving your friend, that's nothing at all—tricking is all fair in love, isn't it, madam?

Lou. Certainly, sir, and I am particularly glad to find you are of that opinion.

Isaac. Oh, lud! yes, ma'am—let any one outwit me, that can, I say—but here, let me join your hands—there, you lucky rogue! I wish you happily married, from the bottom of my soul!

Lou. And I am sure, if you wish it, no one else should prevent it.

Isaac. Now, Antonio, we are rivals no more; so let us be friends, will you?

Ant. With all my heart, Isaac.

Isaac. It is not every man, let me tell you, that would have taken such pains, or been so generous to a rival.

Ant. No, 'faith; I don't believe there's another beside yourself in all Spain.

Isaac. Well, but you resign all pretensions to the other lady?

Ant. That I do, most sincerely.

Isaac. I doubt you have a little hankering there still?

Ant. None in the least, upon my soul.

Isaac. I mean after her fortune ?

Ant. No, believe me—You are heartily welcome to everything she has.

Isaac. Well, i'faith, you have the best of the bargain, as to beauty, twenty to one—now I'll tell you a secret—I am to carry off Louisa this very evening.

Lou. Indeed !

Isaac. Yes, she has sworn not to take a husband from her father's hand—so, I've persuaded him to trust her to walk with me in the garden, and then we shall give him the slip.

Lou. And is Don Jerome to know nothing of this ?

Isaac. Oh, lud, no ! there lies the jest—Don't you see that, by this step, I overreach him ? I shall be entitled to the girl's fortune, without settling a ducat on her ; ha ! ha ! ha ! this is trap !—I'm a cunning dog, an't I ? A sly little villain, eh ?

Ant. Ha ! ha ! ha ! you are, indeed !

Isaac. Roguish, you'll say, but keen, eh ?—devilish keen ?

Ant. So you are indeed—keen—very keen.

Isaac. And what a laugh we shall have at Don Jerome's, when the truth comes out ! hey ?

Lou. Yes, I'll answer for it, we shall have a good laugh when the truth comes out, ha ! ha ! ha !

Enter CARLOS, R.

Car. Here are the dancers come to practise the fandango—you intended to have honoured Donna Louisa with.

Isaac. Oh, I sha'nt want them, but as I must pay them, I'll see a caper for my money—will you excuse me ?

Lou. Willingly.

Isaac. Here's my friend, whom you may command for any services. Madam, your most obedient—Antonio, I wish you all happiness. [*Aside.*] Oh, the easy blockhead ! what a tool I have made of him ! This was a master-piece !

[*Exit, R.*

Lou. Carlos, will you be my guard again, and conduct me to the convent of St. Catherine ?

Ant. Why, Louisa, why should you go there ?

Lou. I have my reasons, and you must not be seen to go with me ; I shall write from thence to my father ; per-

haps, when he finds what he has driven me to, he may relent.

Ant. I have no hope from him—Oh, Louisa, in these arms should be your sanctuary.

Lou. Be patient but for a little while—my father cannot force me from thence. But let me see you there before evening, and I will explain myself.

Ant. I shall obey.

Lou. Come, friend—Antonio, Carlos has been a lover himself.

Ant. Then he knows the value of his trust.

Car. You shall not find me unfaithful.

TRIO.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast
Where love has been received a welcome guest.
As wand'ring saints poor huts have sacred made,
He hallows every heart he once has awayed;
And when his presence we no longer share,
Still leaves compassion as a relic there.

[*Exeunt, Carlos and Louisa, R., Antonio, L.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Library.*

Enter JEROME and SERVANT, L.

Jer. Why, I never was so amazed in my life! Louisa gone off with Isaac Mendoza! what! steal away with the very man whom I wanted her to marry—elope with her own husband, as it were—it is impossible!

Ser. Her maid says, sir, they had your leave to walk in the garden, while you was abroad—The door by the shrubbery was found open, and they have not been heard of since.

Jer. Well, it is the most unaccountable affair! 'sdeath! there is certainly some infernal mystery in it, I can't comprehend!

Enter SERVANT, with a Letter, R.

Ser. Here is a letter, sir, from Signior Isaac. [*Exit, R.*

Jer. So, so, this will explain—ay, Isaac Mendoza—let me see— [*Reads.*

Dearest Sir,

You must, doubtless, be much surprised at my flight with your daughter—[Yes, 'faith, and well I may]—*I had the happiness to gain her heart at our first interview—*[The devil you had!]*—But she unfortunately having made a vow not to receive a husband from your hands, I was obliged to comply with her whim—*[So, so!]*—We shall shortly thrw ourselves at your feet, and I hope you will have a blessing ready for one who will then be*

Your son-in-law,

ISAAC MENDOZA.

A whim, hey? Why, the devil's in the girl, I think! This morning, she would die sooner than have him, and before evening, she runs away with him!—Well, well, my will's accomplished—let the motive be what it will—and the Portuguese, sure, will never refuse to fulfil the rest of the article.

Enter Second SERVANT, with a Letter.

Ser. Sir, here's a man below, who says he brought this from my young lady, Donna Louisa. [*Exit.*

Jer. How! yes, it is my daughter's hand indeed! Lord, there was no occasion for them both to write: well, let's see what she says— [*Reads.*

Dearest Father,

How shall I entreat your pardon for the rash step I have taken—how confess the motive?—[Pish! hasn't Isaac just told me the motive!—one would think they weren't together when they wrote!]*—If I have a spirit too resentful of ill usage, I have also a heart as easily affected by kindness—*[So, so, here the whole matter comes out! her resentment for Antonio's ill usage has made her sensible of Isaac's kindness—yes, yes, it is plain enough—well;]*—I am not married yet, though with a man, I am convinced, adores me—*[Yes, yes, I dare say Isaac is very fond of her;]*—But I shall anxiously expect your answer, in which, should I be so fortunate as to receive your consent, you will*

make completely happy,

Your ever affectionate Daughter,

LOUISA.

My consent? to be sure she shall have it!—egad, I was never better pleased—I have fulfilled my resolution—I knew I should—Oh, there's nothing like obstinacy!—Lewis!

Enter SERVANT, R.

Let the man who brought the last letter wait; and get me a pen and ink below. I am impatient to set poor Louisa's heart at rest—holloa! Lewis! Sancho!

Enter SERVANTS, R.

See that there be a noble supper provided in the saloon to-night—serve up my best wines, and let me have music, d'yé hear?

Ser. Yes, sir.

[Exeunt.]

Jer. And order all my doors to be thrown open—admit all guests, with masks or without masks—I'faith, we'll have a night of it—And I'll let them see how merry an old man can be.

SONG.

Oh, the days when I was young,
When I laughed in fortune's spite,
Talked of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crowned the night!
Then it was, old Father Care,
Little recked I of thy frown,
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er could see,
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me.
For when sparkling wine went round,
Never saw I falsehood's mask,
But still honest truth I found,
In the bottom of each flask.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay:
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey.
Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
While thy spirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's frost
Glow a spark of youthful fire.

[Exit, &c.]

SCENE II.—*The New Piazza.*

Enter FERDINAND and LOPEZ, R.

Fer. What, could you gather no tidings of her? Nor guess where she was gone? Oh, Clara! Clara!

Lop. In truth, sir, I could not.—That she was run away from her father, was in everybody's mouth,—and that Don Guzman was in pursuit of her, was also a very common report—where she was gone, or what was become of her, no one could take upon them to say.

Fer. 'Sdeath and fury, you blockhead! she can't be out of Seville.

Lop. So I said to myself, sir—'Sdeath and fury, you blockhead, says I, she can't be out of Seville—Then some said, she had hanged herself for love; and others have it, Don Antonio had carried her off.

Fer. 'Tis false, scoundrel! no one said that.

Lop. Then I misunderstood them, sir.

Fer. Go, fool, get home, and never let me see you again till you bring me news of her. [*Exit Lopez.*] Oh, how my fondness for this ungrateful girl has hurt my disposition!

Enter ISAAC, L.

Isaac. So, I have her safe, and have only to find a priest to marry us. Antonio may now marry Clara, or not, if he pleases!

Fer. What! what was that you said of Clara?

Isaac. Oh! Ferdinand! my brother-in-law, that shall be, who thought of meeting you!

Fer. But what of Clara?

Isaac. I'faith, you shall hear.—This morning, as I was coming down, I met a pretty damsel, who told me her name was Clara d'Almanza, and begged my protection.

Fer. How?

Isaac. She said she had eloped from her father, Don Guzman, but that love for a young gentleman in Seville was the cause.

Fer. Oh, Heavens! did she confess it?

Isaac. Oh, yes, she confessed at once—but then, says she, my lover is not informed of my flight, nor suspects my intention.

Fer. [*Aside.*] Dear creature! no more I did indeed! Oh, I am the happiest fellow!—Well, Isaac!

Isaac. Why, she entreated me to find him out for her, and bring him to her.

Fer. Good heavens, how lucky! Well, come along, let's lose no time. [*Pulling him.*]

Isaac. Zooks! where are we to go to?

Fer. Why, did anything more pass?

Isaac. Any thing more? Yes; the end on't was, that I was moved with her speeches, and complied with her desires.

Fer. Well, and where is she?

Isaac. Where is she? why, don't I tell you, I complied with her request, and left her safe in the arms of her lover!

Fer. 'Sdeath, you trifle with me!—I have never seen her.

Isaac. You! Oh, lud, no!—how the devil should you? 'Twas Antonio she wanted: and with Antonio I left her.

Fer. [*Aside.*] Hell and madness! What, Antonio d' Ercilla?

Isaac. Ay, ay, the very man; and the best part of it was, he was shy of taking her at first.—He talked a good deal about honour, and conscience, and deceiving some dear friend; but, lord, we soon overruled that.

Fer. You did?

Isaac. Oh, yes, presently—such deceit, says he—Pish! says the lady, tricking is all fair in love—but then, my friend, says he—Pshaw! damn your friend, says I.—So, poor wretch, he has no chance—no, no; he may hang himself as soon as he pleases.

Fer. I must go, or I shall betray myself.

Isaac. But stay, Ferdinand, you han't heard the best of the joke.

Fer. Curse on your joke.

Isaac. Good lack! what's the matter now? I thought to have diverted you.

Fer. Be racked! tortured! damned—

Isaac. Why, sure you are not the poor devil of a lover, are you? I'faith, as sure as can be, he is—This is a better joke than t'other, ha! ha! ha!

Fer. What, do you laugh? you vile, mischievous var-

let? [*Collars him.*] But that you're beneath my anger, I'd tear your heart out. [*Throws him from him.*]

Isaac. O mercy! here's usage for a brother-in-law!

Ferd. But, hark ye, rascal! tell me directly where these false friends are gone, or, by my soul—[*Draws.*]

Isaac. For Heaven's sake, now, my dear brother-in-law, don't be in a rage—I'll recollect as well as I can.

Ferd. Be quick then!

Isaac. I will, I will—but people's memories differ—some have a treacherous memory—now mine is a cowardly memory—it takes to its heels, at sight of a drawn sword, it does, i'faith; and I could as soon fight as recollect.

Fer. Zounds! tell me the truth, and I won't hurt you.

Isaac. No, no, I know you won't, my dear brother-in-law—but that ill-looking thing there—

Fer. What, then, you won't tell me?

Isaac. Yes, yes, I will; I'll tell you all, upon my soul—but why need you listen sword in hand?

Fer. Why, there. [*Puts up.*] Now!

Isaac. Why, then, I believe they are gone to—that is, my friend Carlos told me, he had left Donna Clara—dear Ferdinand, keep your hands off—at the Convent of St. Catharine!

Fer. St. Catharine!

Isaac. Yes; and that Antonio was to come to her there.

Fer. Is this the truth?

Isaac. It is indeed—and all I know, as I hope for life.

Fer. Well, coward, take your life—'Tis that false, dishonourable Antonio who shall feel my vengeance.

Isaac. Ay, ay, kill him—cut his throat, and welcome.

Fer. But for Clara—infamy on her, she is not worth my resentment.

Isaac. No more she is, my dear brother-in-law—I'faith, I would not be angry about her—she is not worth it, indeed.

Fer. 'Tis false! she is worth the enmity of princes.

Isaac. True, true, so she is; and I pity you exceedingly for having lost her.

Fer. 'Sdeath, you rascal! how durst you talk of pitying me!

Isaac. Oh, dear brother-in-law, I beg pardon, I don't pity you in the least, upon my soul!

Fer. Get hence, fool, and provoke me no further ; nothing but your insignificance saves you.

Isaac. I faith, then my insignificance is the best friend I have.—I'm going, dear Ferdinand—What a cursed hot-headed bully it is !
[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE III.—*The Garden of the Convent.*

Enter LOUISA and CLARA, R. U. E.

Lou. And you really wish my brother may not find you out ?

Clara. Why else have I concealed myself under this disguise ?

Lou. Why, perhaps, because the dress becomes you ; for you certainly don't intend to be a nun for life.

Clara. If, indeed, Ferdinand had not offended me so last night.

Lou. Come, come, it was his fear of losing you made him so rash.

Clara. Well, you may think me cruel—but I swear, if he were here this instant, I believe I should forgive him.

SONG.—CLARA.

By him we love offended,
How soon our anger flies.
One day apart, 'tis ended,
Behold him, and it dies.

Last night, your roving brother,
Enraged I bade-depart,
And sure his rude presumption
Deserved to lose my heart.

Yet, were he now before me,
In spite of injured pride,
I fear my eyes would pardon
Before my tongue could chide.

Lou. I protest, Clara, I shall begin to think you are seriously resolved to enter on your probation.

Clara. And, seriously, I very much doubt whether the character of a nun would not become me best.

Lou. Why, to be sure, the character of a nun is a very becoming one at a masquerade, but no pretty woman, in her senses, ever thought of taking the veil for above a night.

Clara. Yonder I see your Antonio is returned—I shall only interrupt you ; ah, Louisa, with what happy eagerness you turn to look for him !

[*Exit, &c.*]

Enter ANTONIO, L.

Ant. Well, my Louisa, any news since I left you ?

Lou. None—the messenger is not yet returned from my father.

Ant. Well, I confess, I do not perceive what we are to expect from him.

Lou. I shall be easier, however, in having made the trial ; I do not doubt your sincerity, Antonio ; but there is a chilling air around poverty, that often kills affection, that was not nursed in it. If we would make love our household god, we had best secure him a comfortable roof.

SONG.—ANTONIO.

How oft, Louisa, hast thou told,
Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown,
Thou would'st not lose Antonio's love
To reign the partner of a throne.
And by those lips, that spoke so kind,
And by that hand, I've pressed to mine,
To be the lord of wealth and power,
By heavens, I would not part with thine.

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could not buy ?
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
In serving thee, a monarch I.
Thus uncontrolled, in mutual bliss,
And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back from thine.

Enter MAID, L., with a Letter.

Lou. My father's answer, I suppose.

Ant. My dearest Louisa, you may be assured, that it contains nothing but threats and reproaches.

Lou. Let us see, however.—[*Reads.*] *Dearest Daughter, make your lover happy ; you have my full consent to marry as your whim has chosen, but be sure to come home and sup with your affectionate father.*

Ant. You jest, Louisa !

Lou. [*Gives him the letter.*] Read—read !

Ant. 'Tis so, by Heavens !—sure there must be some

mistake,; but that's none of our business.—Now, Louisa, you have no excuse for delay.

Lou. Shall we not then return and thank my father?

Ant. But first let the priest put it out of his power to recall his word.—I'll fly to procure one.

Lou. Nay, if you part with me again, perhaps you may lose me.

Ant. Come, then—there is a friar of a neighbouring convent is my friend: you have already been diverted by the manners of a nunnery, let us see whether there is less hypocrisy among the holy fathers.

Lou. I'm afraid not, Antonio—for in religion, as in friendship, they who profess most are ever the least sincere. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CLARA, R.

Clara. So, yonder they go, as happy as a mutual and confessed affection can make them, while I am left in solitude. Heigho! love may perhaps excuse the rashness of an elopement from one's friend, but I am sure, nothing but the presence of the man we love can support it—Ha! what do I see! Ferdinand, as I live! how could he gain admission—by potent gold, I suppose, as Antonio did—How eager and disturbed he seems—he shall not know me as yet. [*Draws her Veil.*

Enter FERDINAND, R.

Fer. Yes, those were certainly they—my information was right. [*Going.*

Clara. [*Stops him.*] Pray, signior, what is your business here?

Fer. No matter—no matter—Oh, they stop.—[*Looks out.*] Yes, that is the perfidious Clara, indeed!

Clara. [*Aside.*] So, a jealous error—I'm glad to see him so moved.

Fer. Her disguise can't conceal her—No, no, I know her too well.

Clara. Wonderful discernment! but, signior—

Fer. Be quiet, good nun, don't tease me—By Heavens, she leans upon his arm, hangs fondly on it! Oh, woman! woman!

Clara. But, signior, who is it you want?

Fer. Not you, not you, so pr'ythee, don't tease me.

Yet pray stay—gentle nun, was it not Donna Clara d'Almanza just parted from you?

Clara. Clara d' Almanza, signior, is not yet out of the garden.

Fer. Ay, ay, I knew I was right—And pray, is not that gentleman, now at the porch with her, Antonio d'Er-cilla?

Clara. It is indeed, signior.

Fer. So, so; now but one question more—can you inform me for what purpose they have gone away?

Clara. They are gone to be married, I believe.

Fer. Very well—enough—now, if I don't mar their wedding!

[*Exit, L.*]

Clara. [*Unveils.*] I thought jealousy had made lovers quick-sighted, but it has made mine blind—Louisa's story accounts to me for this error, and I am glad to find I have power enough over him to make him so unhappy. But why should not I be present at his surpise when undeceived? When he's through the porch, I'll follow him; and, perhaps, Louisa shall not singly be a bride.

SONG.

Adieu, thou dreary pile, where never dies
The sullen echo of repentant sighs;
Ye sister mourners of each lonely cell,
Inured to hymns and sorrow, fare ye well;
For happier scenes I fly this darksome grove,
To saints a prison, but a tomb to love.

[*Exit, L.*]

SCENE IV.—A Court before the Priory.

Enter ISAAC, L., crossing the Stage—Enter ANTONIO, L.

Ant. What, my friend Isaac!

Isaac. What, Antonio! wish me joy! I have Louisa safe.

Ant. Have you?—I wish you joy, with all my soul.

Isaac. Yes, I am come here to procure a priest to marry us.

Ant. So, then, we are both on the same errand: I am come to look for Father Paul.

Isaac. Ha! I am glad on't—but, i'faith, he must tack me first, my love is waiting,

Ant. So is mine—I left her in the porch.

Isaac. Ay, but I am in haste to get back to Don Jerome.

Ant. And so am I too.

Isaac. Well, perhaps he'll save time, and marry us both together—or I'll be your father, and you shall be mine. Come along—but you're obliged to me for all this.

Ant. Yes, yes!

[*Exeunt, R.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Priory.*

FRIARS at the Table, drinking.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

This bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine;
We, planets, that are not able,
Without his help, to shine.
Let mirth and glee abound,
You'll soon grow bright,
With borrowed light,
And shine as he goes round.

Paul. Brother Francis, toss the bottle about, and give me your toast.

Fran. Have we drank the Abbess of St. Ursuline?

Paul. Yes, yes; she was the last.

Fran. Then I'll give you the blue-eyed nun of St. Catharine's.

Paul. With all my heart. [*Drinks.*] Pray, brother Augustine, were there any benefactions left in my absence?

Fran. Don Juan Corduba has left a hundred ducats, to remember him in our masses.

Paul. Has he! let them be paid to our wine-merchant, and we'll remember him in our cups, which will do just as well. Anything more?

Aug. Yes; Baptista, the rich miser, who died last week, has bequeathed us a thousand pistoles, and the silver lamp he used in his own chamber, to burn before the image of St. Anthony.

Paul. 'Twas well meant, but we'll employ his money better—Baptista's bounty shall light the living, not the dead.—St. Anthony is not afraid to be left in the dark, though he was—See who's there.

[*A knocking, L.—Francis goes to the door, and opens it.*]

Enter PORTER, L.

Por. Here's one without in pressing haste to speak with Father Paul.

Fran. Brother Paul!

[*Paul comes from behind a Curtain, with a Glass of Wine, and in his hand a piece of Cake.*]

Paul. Here! how durst you, fellow, thus abruptly break in upon our devotions?

Por. I thought they were finished.

Paul. No, they were not—were they, Brother Francis?

Fran. Not by a bottle each.

Paul. But neither you nor your fellows mark how the hours go—no, you mind nothing but the gratifying of your appetites; ye eat, and swill, and sleep, and gormandize, and thrive, while we are wasting in mortification.

Por. We ask no more than nature craves.

Paul. 'Tis false, ye have more appetites than hairs! and your flushed, sleek, and pampered appearance, is the disgrace of our order—out on't—if you are hungry, can't you be content with the wholesome roots of the earth; and if you are dry, isn't there the chrystal spring? [*Drinks.*] Put this away, [*gives the glass,*] and show me where I'm wanted. [*Porter drains the glass—Paul going, turns.*] So, you would have drank it, if there had been any left. Ah, glutton! glutton! [*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Court before the Priory.*

Enter ISAAC and ANTONIO, R.

Isaac. A plaguy while coming, this same Father Paul—He's detained at vespers, I suppose, poor fellow.

Ant. No, here he comes.

Enter PAUL, L.

Good Father Paul, I crave your blessing.

Isaac. Yes, good Father Paul, we are come to beg a favour.

Paul. What is it, pray?

Isaac. To marry us, good Father Paul; and in truth, thou dost look the very priest of Hymen.

Paul. In short, may be called so; for I deal in repentance and mortification.

Isaac. No, no, thou seemest an officer of Hymen, because thy presence speaks content and good humour.

Paul. Alas! my appearance is deceitful. Bloatèd I am indeed! for fasting is a windy recreation, and it hath swollen me like a bladder.

Ant. But thou hast a good fresh colour in thy face, Father; rosy, i'faith.

Paul. Yes, I have blushed for mankind, till the hue of my shame is as fixed as their vices.

Isaac. Good man!

Paul. And I have laboured, too, but to what purpose? they continue to sin under my very nose.

Isaac. Efects, Father, I should have guessed as much, for your nose seems to be put to the blush more than any other part of your face.

Paul. Go, you're a wag.

Ant. But to the purpose, Father—will you officiate for us?

Paul. To join young people thus clandestinely is not safe: and, indeed, I have in my heart many weighty reasons against it.

Ant. And I have in my hand many weighty reasons for it. Isaac, haven't you an argument or two in our favour about you?

Isaac. Yes, yes; here is a most unanswerable purse.

Paul. For shame! you make me angry: you forget who I am, and when importunate people have forced their trash—ay, into this pocket, here—or into this—why, then the sin was theirs. [*They put Money in his Pockets.*] Fie, now how you distress me! I would return it, but that I must touch it that way, and so wrong my oath.

Ant. Now, then, come with us.

Isaac. Well, when your hour of repentance comes, don't blame me.

Ant. No bad caution to my friend Isaac. [*Aside.*] Well, well, Father, do you do your part, and I'll abide the consequence.

Isaac. Ay, and so will I.

[*They are going, &c.*]

Enter LOUISA, L., running.

Lou. Oh, Antonio, Ferdinand is at the porch, and inquiring for us.

Isaac. Who? Don Ferdinand! he's not inquiring for me, I hope?

Ant. Fear not, my love, I'll soon pacify him.

Isaac. Egad, you won't—Antonio, take my advice, and run away: this Ferdinand is the most unmerciful dog! and has the cursedest long sword!—and, upon my soul, he comes on purpose to cut your throat.

Ant. Never fear, never fear.

Isaac. Well, you may stay if you will; but I'll get some one to marry me; for, by St. Iago, he shall never marry me again, while I am master of a pair of heels.

[Runs out, R.]

Enter FERDINAND, L.—Louisa veils.

Fer. So, sir, I have met you at last.

Ant. Well, sir.

Fer. Base, treacherous man! whence can a false, deceitful soul, like yours, borrow confidence to look so steadily on the man you've injured?

Ant. Ferdinand, you are too warm:—'tis true, you find me on the point of wedding one I love beyond my life; but no argument of mine prevailed on her to elope—I scorn deceit as much as you—By Heaven, I knew not she had left her father's, till I saw her.

Fer. What a mean excuse! You have wronged your friend, then, for one whose wanton forwardness anticipated your treachery—of this, indeed, your Jew pander informed me; but let your conduct be consistent, and since you have dared to do a wrong, follow me, and show you have a spirit to avow it.

Lou. Antonio, I perceive his mistake—leave him to me.

Paul. Friend, you are rude, to interrupt the union of two willing hearts.

Fer. No, meddling priest, the hand he seeks is mine.

Paul. If so, I'll proceed no further. Lady, did you ever promise this youth your hand?

[To Louisa, who shakes her head.]

Fer. Clara, I thank you for your silence—I would not have heard your tongue avow such falsity; be't your punishment to remember, I have not reproached you.

Enter CLARA, L.

Clara. What mockery is this?

Fer. Antonio, you are protected now, but we shall meet.

[Going, Clara holds one arm, and Louisa the other.]

DUET.

Lou. Turn thee round, I pray thee,
Calm awhile thy rage.

Clara. I must help to stay thee,
And thy wrath assuage.

Lou. Couldst thou not discover
One so dear to thee?

Clara. Canst thou be a lover,
And thus fly from me? *[Both unveil.]*

Fer. How's this! my sister! Clara, too—I'm confounded!

Lou. 'Tis even so, good brother.

Paul. How! what impiety! Did the man want to marry his own sister?

Lou. And arn't you ashamed of yourself, not to know your own sister?

Clara. To drive away your own mistress—

Lou. Don't you see how jealousy blinds people?

Clara. Ay, and will you ever be jealous again?

Fer. Never—never—you, sister, I know will forgive me—but how, Clara, shall I presume—

Clara. No, no, just now you told me not to tease you—“Who do you want, good Signior?” “Not you, not you.” Oh, you blind wretch! but swear never to be jealous again, and I'll forgive you.

Fer. By all—

Clara. There, that will do—you'll keep the oath just as well. *[Gives her hand.]*

Lou. But, brother, here is one, to whom some apology is due.

Fer. Antonio, I am ashamed to think—

Ant. Not a word of excuse, Ferdinand—I have not been in love myself without learning that a lover's anger should never be resented—but come—let us retire with

this good Father, and we'll explain to you the cause of this error.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

Oft does Hymen smile to hear
Wordy vows of feigned regard;
Well he knows when they're sincere:
Never slow to give reward;
For his glory is to prove
Kind to those who wed for love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Grand Saloon.*

Enter DON JEROME, SERVANTS, and LOPEZ, R.

Jer. Be sure, now, let everything be in the best order—let all my servants have on their merriest faces—but tell them to get as little drunk as possible, till after supper. So, Lopez, where's your master? shan't we have him at supper?

Lop. Indeed, I believe not, sir—he's mad, I doubt; I'm sure he has frighted me from him.

Jer. Ay, ay, he's after some wench, I suppose? a young rake! Well, well, we'll be merry without him.

Enter a SERVANT, R.

Serv. Sir, here is Signior Isaac.

Enter ISAAC, R.

Jer. So, my dear son-in-law—there, take my blessing and forgiveness.—But where's my daughter? where's Louisa?

Isaac. She's without, impatient for a blessing, but almost afraid to enter.

Jer. Oh, fly and bring her in. [*Exit Isaac, R.*] Poor girl, I long to see her pretty face.

Isaac. [*Without.*] Come, my charmer! my trembling angel!

Enter ISAAC and DUENNA, R.—Don Jerome runs to meet them—she kneels.

Jer. Come to my arms, my—[*Starts back.*] Why, who the devil have we here?

Isaac. Nay, Don Jerome, you promised her forgiveness; see how the dear creature droops!

Jer. Droops, indeed! Why, gad take me, 'this is old Margaret—but where's my daughter, where's Louisa?

Isaac. Why, here, before your eyes—nay, don't be abashed, my sweet wife!

Jer. Wife with a vengeance! Why, zounds, you have not married the Duenna!

Duen. [*Kneeling.*] Oh, dear papa! you'll not disown me, sure!

Jer. Papa! papa! Why, zounds, your impudence is as great as your ugliness!

Isaac. Rise, my charmer, go throw your snowy arms about his neck, and convince him you are—

Duen. Oh, sir! forgive me! [*Embraces him.*]

Jer. Help! murder!

Servants. What's the matter, sir!

Jer. Why, here, this damned Jew has brought an old harridan to strangle me.

Isaac. Lord, it is his own daughter, and he is so hard-hearted he won't forgive her.

Enter ANTONIO and LOUISA, R.—They kneel.

Jer. Zounds and fury! what's here now? who sent for you, sir, and who the devil are you?

Ant. This lady's husband, sir?

Isaac. Ay, that he is, I'll be sworn; for I left them with the priest, and was to have given her away.

Jer. You were?

Isaac. Ay; that's my honest friend, Antonio; and that's the little girl I told you I had hampered him with.

Jer. Why, you are either drunk or mad—this is my daughter.

Isaac. No, no; 'tis you are both drunk and mad, I think—here's your daughter.

Jer. Hark ye, old iniquity, will you explain all this, or not?

Duen. Come, then, Don Jerome, I will—though our habits might inform you all—look on your daughter, there, and on me.

Isaac. What's this I hear?

Duen. The truth is, that in your passion this morning, you made a small mistake; for you turned your daughter out of doors, and locked up your humble servant.

Isaac. Oh, lud! oh, lud! here's a pretty fellow, to turn his daughter out of doors, instead of an old Duenna!

Jer. And, Oh, lud! oh, lud! here's a pretty fellow, to marry an old Duenna instead of my daughter—but how came the rest about?

Duen. I have only to add, that I remained in your daughter's place, and had the good fortune to engage the affections of my sweet husband here.

Isaac. Her husband! why, you old witch, do you think I'll be your husband now? this is a trick, a cheat, and you ought all to be ashamed of yourselves.

Ant. Hark ye, Isaac, do you dare to complain of tricking?—Don Jerome, I give you my word, this cunning Portuguese has brought all this upon himself, by endeavouring to overreach you, by getting your daughter's fortune, without making any settlement in return.

Jer. Overreach me!

Lou. 'Tis so, indeed, sir, and we can prove it to you.

Jer. Why, gad take me, it must be so, or he could never have put up with such a face as Margaret's—so, little Solomon, I wish you joy of your wife with all my soul.

Lou. Isaac, tricking is all fair in love—let you alone for the plot.

Ant. A cunning dog, ar'n't you? A sly little villain, eh?

Lou. Roguish, perhaps; but keen, devilish keen!

Jer. Yes, yes; his aunt always called him little Solomon.

Isaac. Why, the plagues of Egypt upon you all!—but do you think I'll submit to such an imposition?

Ant. Isaac, one serious word—you'd better be content as you are; for believe me, you will find, that in the opinion of the world, there is not a fairer subject for contempt and ridicule, than a knave become the dupe of his own art.

Isaac. I don't care—I'll not endure this—Don Jerome, 'tis you have done this—you would be so cursed positive about the beauty of her you locked up, and all the time, I told you she was as old as my mother, and as ugly as the devil!

Duen. Why, you little insignificant reptile!

Jer. That's right—attack him, Margaret.

Duen. Dares such a thing as you pretend to talk of beauty?—A walking rouleau!—a body that seems to owe

all its consequence to the dropsy !—a pair of eyes like two dead beetles in a wad of brown dough !—a beard like an artichoke, with dry shrivelled jaws, that would disgrace the mummy of a monkey !

Jer. Well done, Margaret !

Duen. But you shall know that I have a brother, who wears a sword, and if you don't do me justice—

Isaac. Fire seize your brother, and you too ! I'll fly to Jerusalem, to avoid you.

Duen. Fly where you will, I'll follow you.

Jer. Throw your snowy arms about him, Margaret.
[*Exeunt Isaac and Duenna, L.*] But, Louisa, are you really married to this modest gentleman ?

Lou. Sir, in obedience to your commands, I gave him my hand within this hour.

Jer. My commands !

Ant. Yes, sir ; here is your consent, under your own hand.

Jer. How ! would you rob me of my child by a trick, a false pretence ? and do you think to get her fortune by the same means ? Why, 'slife, you are as great a rogue as Isaac !

Ant. No, Don Jerome ; though I have profited by this paper, in gaining your daughter's hand, I scorn to obtain her fortune by deceit. There, sir. [*Gives a letter.*] Now give her your blessing for a dower, and all the little I possess shall be settled on her in return. Had you wedded her to a prince, he could do no more.

Jer. Why, gad tako me, but you are a very extraordinary fellow ! But have you the impudence to suppose no one can do a generous action but yourself ? Here, Louisa, tell this proud fool of yours, that he's the only man I know that would renounce your fortune ; and, by my soul, he's the only man in Spain that's worthy of it.—There, bless you both : I'm an obstinate old fellow when I'm in the wrong ; but you shall now find me as steady in the right.

Enter FERDINAND and CLARA, R.

Another wonder still ! why, sirrah ! Ferdinand, you have not stolé a nun, have you ?

Fer. She is a nun in nothing but her habit, sir—look nearer, and you will perceive 'tis Clara d'Almanza, Don

Guzman's daughter ; and, with pardon for stealing a wedding, she is also my wife.

Jer. Gadsbud, and a great fortune.—Ferdinand, you are a prudent young rogue, and I forgive you ; and, ifecka, you're a pretty little damsel. Give your father-in-law a kiss, you smiling rogue.

Clara. There, old gentleman : and now mind you behave well to us.

Jer. Ifecks, those lips ha'n't been chilled kissing beads—'Egad, I believe I shall grow the best humoured fellow in Spain—Lewis ! Sancho ! Carlos ! d'ye hear ? are all my doors thrown open ? Our children's weddings are the only holydays our age can boast ; and then we drain, with pleasure, the little stock of spirits time has left us. [*Music within.*] But see, here come our friends and neighbors !

Enter MASQUERADERS from the back of the Stage.

And, 'ifaith, we'll make a night on't, with wine, and dance, and catches—then old and young shall join us.

FINALE.

Jer. Come now for jest and smiling,
Both old and young beguiling,
Let us laugh and play, so blythe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Lou. Thus crowned with dance and song,
The hours shall glide along,
With a heart at ease, merry, merry glees,
Can never fail to please.

Fer. Each bride with blushes glowing,
Our wine as rosy flowing,
Let us laugh and play, so blythe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Ant. Then healths to every friend,
The night's repast shall end,
With a heart at ease, merry, merry glees,
Can never fail to please.

Clara. Nor, while we are so joyous,
Shall anxious fear annoy us,
Let us laugh and play, so blythe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Jer. For generous guests like these,
Accept the wish to please.
So we'll laugh and play, so blithe and gay,
Your smiles drive care away.

THE END.





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